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American Dramatists Series

Weighed in the Balance

May F. James

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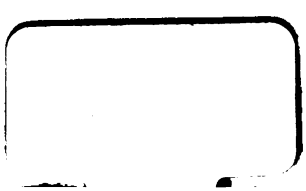

James

BTZ1

American Dramatists Series

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE

A Drama in Four Acts

BY

MAY F. JAMES

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1916

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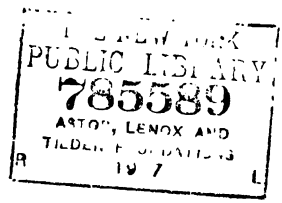

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TO

H. R. M. ALBERT

KING OF THE BELGIANS

AND HIS HEROIC PEOPLE

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

The following play is made more remarkable by the fact that it was written early in 1915 and therefore possesses a prophetic character.

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE

CHARACTERS

PEACE,
WAR, the Devil disguised with a long dark cloak which covers his costume.
FRANKINSTEIN, the Military Spirit of the German Nation. A Woman as the New Germany takes his place when he is banished.
BELLONA, Belgium.
FLORUS, France.
ALBION, England.
REZIA, Russia.
SAVIAS, Servia.
JANOAH, Japan.
ITALIA, Italy.
INDIANA, Empire of India.
ASTRA, British Australia.
COLUMBIA, Canada.
JUSTICIA, America.
A PRIEST—A WOMAN—TWO SPIRITUAL BEINGS.

COSTUMES: EACH CHARACTER A TYPE OF THE COUNTRY HE REPRESENTS—AS FAR AS POSSIBLE.

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE

ACT I

Scene. *Open space surrounded with trees. At back of stage in center is small rise—rock or hill—on which* PEACE *sits brooding, gazing into the distance—enter* WAR *dressed as the Devil but a long dark cloak covers and disguises him.*

WAR

My hands are empty and so long have I waited that when I do start work, it will be as Hell let loose in this world.

PEACE

(*Turning towards him sadly*) I would that I could always reign. But I see my time has not yet come.

WAR

(*Decidedly*) It never will come, if this mortal on whom I've built my hopes realizes my expectations.

PEACE

(*Sternly*) The time *will* come when War shall cease to be, and Right and Justice will rule this world. Mark my words.

WAR

(*Drawing nearer to* PEACE) Never, never shall that time come. I can see your reign, which has been already too long, end in death and disaster. I see you lie amid ruins—so low—your heart pierced with many wounds and broken with the horrors that shall come to pass. And hovering over you, I see an Eagle, strong, powerful and relentlessly cruel.

PEACE

(*Rising and wrapping her cloak round her*) Ah! Speak not thus. I will intervene between the Powers—surely they will stay the sword of Death! Who is this mortal? Tell me his name, in whose hands lies the fate of this world?

WAR

His name is Frankinstein and he'd sell his soul —for Power—and through me he shall gain Power and immortal fame. Now, you must depart and leave the Field to me.

PEACE

(*Speaking as a prophet*) I see further into the Future than you. A nobler and a purer world, like a Phœnix, shall rise from the ashes of the present. Though you usurp my throne, I shall return and reign again.

WAR

Hark! Here he comes! (*They draw back into shadows of trees—enter* FRANKINSTEIN.)

FRANKINSTEIN

Methinks the time is ripe—and yet doubts assail me—I would I could have waited another two years! To be, or not to be. That is the question left for me to answer. (*Boldly*) And I will answer it—and my answer will echo o'er a thousand hills.

PEACE

(*Drawing near*) I implore you to consider e'er it is too late.

FRANKINSTEIN

(*Staring at her*) Away! Away! I want none of thee. As a mask, as an outward form thou hast been most useful! (*Bowing and smiling ironically*) Now the time has come for me to unveil and show to the nations my power, my strength and my omnipotence. Away!

PEACE

Drive me not from you, for one day you will need me and then I shall not come.

FRANKINSTEIN

I want you only when I bid you come, and that will be through War. I shall subdue all nations under my feet and then *you* shall return and reign with *me,* the acknowledged lord of all. Until then —away!

PEACE

Nay, I come not on those terms. No mortal man can do as you say—and live.

FRANKINSTEIN

God is with me. He will help me. He has always been obedient to me and all things have gone well up to now. My way is clear and the star of my destiny shines brightly.

PEACE

(*Very sternly*) Speak not that name in your vain conceit. Are you not afraid of destruction?

FRANKINSTEIN

(*Angrily*) Oh, why should I waste words with anything so trivial and weak as thou! Away! I cannot do with thee now. God is on my side and when I need thee, thou may'st return. But now—(*Beckoning to* WAR, *who is watching impatiently*) 'Tis thee I want. Come!

PEACE

(*Weeping and gliding away softly*) God have mercy, where I am too weak to help! Ah me! The world will suffer. My heart aches with pity. (*Exits.*)

WAR

(*Drawing near with a smile—aside*) Surely my time has arrived—'tis not God, but me whom he needs—and I will not undeceive him. (*To* FRANKINSTEIN) Well, Sire—at your service? (*Bows sarcastically.*)

FRANKINSTEIN

Come nearer—take my commands. I want a great fear of me and my power to pass o'er the land. Hearest thou my words?

WAR

(*Smiling*) I hear, and will obey.

FRANKINSTEIN

Kill, if needs must—kill, kill, destroy, annihilate —only through fear can I conquer. Then when I have subdued all, I will reward you.

WAR

(*Aside*) How many souls shall I win as reward? Legions, methinks! (*To* FRANKINSTEIN) Your word is sufficient and my reward assured.

FRANKINSTEIN

Crush the weaker first—sow seeds of dissension wherever you go and discord will flourish and death shall reign—but I and my followers shall live to see the day when with might and power I shall rule the world! Away! and quickly do my bidding —I will follow and watch.

WAR

(*Saluting*) I go. (*Hurries away, smiling.*)

FRANKINSTEIN

(*Pacing up and down restlessly*) The Day has come! The Day I have prayed for and lived for—surely my God is with me. My own people are under my hand—my women have bred sons innumerable for this time at my command, men who have grown from their birth, as the seeds sown by Jason—iron soldiers, strong, invincible, forming a great machine worked by me. And they will fight to the last and obey commands without thought or reason. I have but to set the machine working and nothing can stop it. Already I see the nations bowing to me and acknowledging me as their lord and master. Ah! (*Smiling at the thought and standing still*) Where, as Napoleon in my last trial on this earth I failed—here, as Frankinstein, I shall conquer and live to annihilate my enemies and with God's help crush the world under my feet. (*Enter* WAR.)

FRANKINSTEIN

Well—the news?

WAR

Sire, Bellona stands at Bay. She will not permit your machine to pass through her country—she talks of some strange virtue called "honor"—and this holds you back.

FRANKINSTEIN

(*Impatiently*) Honor! And what is that? In a time like this, how futile to speak of honor! Noth-

ing is of any consequence but Strength and Might! We waste our valuable time over so small an item —Ah! Who comes here? (*Enter* BELLONA.)

BELLONA

Sire, what means this? (*Takes out paper and hands it to* FRANKINSTEIN) Your name is here! I beg you to consider before you violate your word and promise.

FRANKINSTEIN

(*Sarcastically—taking paper and glancing at it carelessly*) And what is this? A scrap of paper! And of what value? Why, 'tis naught! (*Tears it across and casts pieces down*) So much for this piece of paper!

BELLONA

(*With a start of incredulous surprise*) What! You, one of the most highly educated and advanced in the world! Have you no sense of honor?

FRANKINSTEIN

(*Angrily*) What is honor? Mere form! A word, old fashioned—out of date. You are behind the times, Sir Galahad. I have risen above such small matters. (*Placing his hand on his sword in a threatening manner*) Now, see here, my machine has orders to roll on—should you or your people obstruct my right of way—it must follow that we crush you and them. In no wise should we be to blame for your stupidity: God is with us and we

must go on! Stand aside, and you will (for the present) be safe—get in our way—then it is utter annihilation. (*Leaning forward persuasively*) Come, listen to my kultured reason; forget this "scrap of paper" and stand aside, or, by my soul, you will take the consequences!

BELLONA

(*Gazing in horror but drawing himself proudly and placing his hand on his sword*) Never! Never! *I* would rather lose my life than my Honor! My people and I will withstand you with our last breath! (*Turns and marches away, courage and strength in every line of his figure—exit.*)

FRANKINSTEIN

(*With a shrug of his shoulders*) As you will. (*Turning to War*) Wipe them out! Demolish their buildings—kill their women and children. They shall not live that scorn me. (*Exit* WAR) Why does he not fear me? What is this Honor that he prates of? He shall beg mercy on his knees before I've finished with him. (*Walks towards back of stage and gazes away into distance*) Ah! They have begun! (*Laughs*) I have struck when least expected. Like the virgins with their untrimmed lamps—they are not ready. I must go nearer—I have lived for this day—I have worked for this day—and now it has come and I shall surely reap what I have sown. (*Exit*)

CURTAIN

(*Short interval*)

Curtain rises on same scene—it is almost dark—just a glimmer of light on the rock in center of stage at back—showing dim and tragic—a broken cross with the form of PEACE *bound on it—the light fades away, leaving darkness—there is a sound of sobbing.*

CURTAIN

ACT II

Scene. *An Oriental appearing court. A Sphinx, representing Time—Sands stretching away to horizon which is red with flames of destruction. A low balustrade overlooking desert. Large pillars round court—a seat by pillar L. 2. Large globe of the world by seat.*

A very distant band playing "Tipperary" as the curtain rises. Discovered: BELLONA *standing by balustrade, wounded arm in sling* —ALBION *on seat with* COLUMBIA—INDIANA *and* ASTRA *grouped round.* REZIA *standing moodily gazing across the desert R. 2,* SAVIAS *sitting near him.* FLORUS *L. 3, facing stage,* JANOAH *standing R. 3, watching the others.*

BELLONA

(*Gazing towards horizon*) My people, my poor people! Ah God! That such things should be! My heart aches for their sorrows—what have they not suffered! And there is yet more to come. (*Leans over balustrade*) My country is destitute—ruined—but—we—fight still! (*Drawing himself up proudly.*)

ALBION

(*Rising and going up to* BELLONA *with both hands outstretched*) Courage, brother! We shall

not cease fighting until you have gained your rights —until your country is restored, yea, more than restored—your people comforted. Our hands are open to your people and our land shall be a haven and a refuge until you return unto your own. Your rights are our rights—your Honor is our honor.

BELLONA

(*Accepting* ALBION'S *hands*) Albion, indeed I appreciate your help and sympathy—but the tears and sorrows of my innocent people are overwhelming.

FLORUS

You, Bellona, are the greatest hero of these times —great in every sense of the word—you and your people have saved the world—is it not so? (*Turning to the others.*)

ALL.

Indeed, yes. The whole world!

ALBION

More than true. The Day came—we were not ready—and you held the great machine of war at bay and fought, gaining time for us—working almost a miracle—upsetting the plans and pride of the Frankinstein. And with your people dying as martyrs—you still fought on. You have our love, our admiration and our eternal gratitude and there is nothing we can do in return too great.

REZIA

(*Angrily and pointing away across the desert*) See those flames? They shall pay for this! But we, brothers, are to blame because we were not ready—duped by lies and deceived by false friendship —fools! fools all of us—with one exception (*bowing gracefully to* BELLONA). Sire, you have suffered, you have paid the price—'tis for us to hold out hands of help, sympathy and everlasting gratitude.

(*Enter* FRANKINSTEIN, *victory in every line of face and figure.*)

ALL

You intrude! Why dost thou come?

FRANKINSTEIN

(*Laughing*) You fear me?

(*All place their hands on their swords threateningly.*)

ALBION

(*Stepping forward*) Take back that word!

FRANKINSTEIN

Have patience! Wait! You must *prove* the word is wrongly used and then I will retract. (*Aside*) I can safely promise for it will be impossible to prove—besides, what is a promise! (*Turning to them again*) Have you not had enough? Acknowledge that you are beaten. 'Tis all I ask! (*To* BELLONA) You at least are ruined and lost!

BELLONA

(*With emphasis and looking at him straightly*) *I*, at least, have not lost my soul!

FRANKINSTEIN

(*With an angry start*) Your soul? Bah! If there is nothing left to you but your soul—why what is that worth? (*Scornfully.*)

BELLONA

You can hardly understand, having sold yours.

FRANKINSTEIN

(*Blandly*) You have been misinformed; when all is finished you will see how high and noble has been my aim. (*Turning to all*) God is with me. He is on our side. Why fight against us? We are too strong for you. (*To* FLORUS) You, untrained and weakened by long years of selfish womanhood and frivolous living—what can you do against my perfect machine?

FLORUS

Alas! We are not so strong as we should be. In numbers having deteriorated, but—we have a will and a spirit unconquerable and with these our good friends (*bowing to the others*) we may prove a harder task to manage than you expect.

FRANKINSTEIN

Not so! You underestimate my strength and power. (*Turning to* REZIA) And you—bearlike

—clumsy and slow—against us with our marvelous speed and trained manœuvring—you have no chance.

REZIA

(*Speaking rather slowly*) There is a fable telling of a race between a hare and a tortoise. (*With hand on sword*) Your insults now I let pass for what they are worth—so much air. Time will tell. There is but one step from triumph to ruin.

FRANKINSTEIN

(*Smiling and shrugging his shoulders*) I have no fear of my ultimate triumph. (*Then turning angrily to* ALBION) You, vile enemy, with your contemptible little army, what did you expect to accomplish? We shall brush you aside as flies!

ALBION

(*Very coolly and quietly*) *We* expect each one of us to do his duty—great expectations—yes, but they will be fully realized. We fight for Right for our country and for God.

FRANKINSTEIN

(*Scowling*) You blundered in where you were not wanted—could not you wait until your turn came? But it matters not, for soon your country will be as destitute as Bellona's. (*Aside*) If I could have crushed Florus first and then Albion, it would have been easier! (*Sits down by globe and looks at it lovingly.*)

COLUMBIA

(*Placing arm around* ALBION *affectionately*) We are with you and shall give to you our best.

INDIANA

(*Kneeling and taking* ALBION'S *hand*) You have our respect, our love and most loyal service.

ASTRA

(*Putting his hand on* ALBION'S *shoulder*) To the end we stand together and in our united strength we shall win victory.

ALBION

(*Returning their affectionate demonstrations and raising* INDIANA *with a friendly hand*) Your words give me fresh strength and courage; my love and gratitude you have.

FRANKINSTEIN

(*Fingering globe lovingly*) This will soon be mine—all mine! Ah! (*Enter messenger—salutes to* FRANKINSTEIN.)

MESSENGER

Sire! Two more churches destroyed—many women and children killed—also another ship sunk —several fishing vessels blown up.

FRANKINSTEIN

(*Turning and smiling*) Ah! 'Tis good news! And proof of my strength and power. I must bestow more iron crosses on these my good servants for their most excellent work. (*Exit Messenger.*)

REZIA

An iron cross! Methinks that a wooden one with spikes is what they need! Barbarians that they are!

FLORUS

With every innocent life thus cruelly destroyed —the Christ is crucified anew. God have pity!

FRANKINSTEIN

(*Aside*) Our troops *must* achieve victory. What else matters? (*Turning to all*) It is not finished! There is much more to come. I give you warning —you will pray to me for Peace at any terms before many days have passed. Eagles do not bring forth pigeons! 'Tis war to the Death! Thanks be to God!

ALBION

Having drawn the sword for a just and worthy cause, we cannot lay down the sword until by the vindication of that cause Peace is assured. (*Turning to all*) Friends—for us 'tis—either to die or conquer?

REZIA

Either to die—or conquer! Let justice be done —though the heavens should fall in!

ALL

(*Joining hands*) We are united—we are fighting for justice—for freedom, for Peace and for our women and children. Right shall conquer Might.

FRANKINSTEIN

(*Smiling in calm self-confidence*) And *I* am fighting for Power and Might. We'll see (*with emphasis*) which is the stronger. Might *is* Right. (*Turns and exits slowly and repeating emphatically*) Might *is* Right. (*Exits.*)

(*All watch him—on each face there is determination but without the confidence—a grim determination and a holding together.*)

CURTAIN

ACT III

Scene. *Same as Scene 2. Night time. Stage almost dark. A pale light where the globe of the world is. Enter* FRANKINSTEIN, *followed by* WAR.

FRANKINSTEIN

(*Walking up to globe and then turning to* WAR) Is all well?

WAR

All is well. The harvest is great and my hands are full.

FRANKINSTEIN

Return to your duties. Do not cease in your work of destruction, although 'tis night time. When day breaks I will come and review the results of your labour. Go! (*Exit* WAR.)

FRANKINSTEIN *sits down on seat—looks at globe, touches it lingeringly—it seems to glow with a lurid flame as he touches it—it grows darker—a distant bell tolls. He leans back against the pillar—suddenly a misty light appears in corner R. U.—dimly two figures are seen and the broken cross with* PEACE *lying—*FRANKINSTEIN *gazes in a dreamy manner at the indistinct group.*

FIRST SPIRIT

Peace is dying.

SECOND SPIRIT

Ah, what can we do?

FIRST SPIRIT

(*Sadly*) Nothing, I fear.

SECOND SPIRIT

Cannot we plead with him who holds the torch to the fires of strife?

FIRST SPIRIT

Pleadings will have no avail. What cares he for the passing away of Peace? He who has caused the death of thousands of women and children?

SECOND SPIRIT

Perchance I can touch his heart. Now it is night time, surely his desires and passions are dormant—I will try.

FIRST SPIRIT

(*Weeping*) He is adamant. One aim and object only—worldly power—but draw near and see if thou can'st penetrate his armour of self sufficiency.

SECOND SPIRIT

(*Drawing near to* FRANKINSTEIN, *who stares at her in a puzzled way*) Have you not had your fill

of war and bloodshed? (*Pleadingly*) Will you not stay your hand and make this turmoil cease? (*Holds up her hand*) Listen—do you hear the cry of the children above the roar of guns and deafening noise of bombs?

FRANKINSTEIN

The cry of the children is but one of the essentials of war.

SECOND SPIRIT

Oh, is your heart so hard that you do not feel the misery you are causing? Peace lies dying—dying—you can, if you will—save her. (*Waits with drawn breath for his answer.*)

FRANKINSTEIN

I cannot save her. I do not wish her saved until my goal is reached.

SECOND SPIRIT

What is your goal? Is it worth the sacrifice of so many lives?

FRANKINSTEIN

(*Thoughtfully*) My goal is the world—see—(*taking hold of globe*) I already hold it in my hands. (*Emphatically and with strength*) It shall be under my feet when I have finished.

SECOND SPIRIT

(*Bitterly*) You are indeed laying up for yourself treasure on earth. Does Heaven or God come into your calculation?

FRANKINSTEIN

God is with me. It is with His help that I shall conquer.

SECOND SPIRIT

God sacrificed His own son to save the world—and now is He going to hand it over to you to destroy?

FRANKINSTEIN

(*Puzzled*) I shall not destroy it; I shall only conquer it.

SECOND SPIRIT

You are destroying it. Can you not see your handiwork—destruction and death—bloodshed and misery?

FRANKINSTEIN

I am not to blame for the death and misery. It is the world's own fault that she suffers. I have strength, power and kultur and yet (*impatiently*) she will not admit my omnipotence—she will not acknowledge me absolute monarch. She rises against me and pits her feeble strength against mine and, like a moth fluttering round a candle, she burns herself. (*Blandly*) The world is stupidly—blindly destroying herself in the flame of my vital strength and power.

SECOND SPIRIT

Many fluttering wings sometimes put out the candle flame.

FRANKINSTEIN

I shall not go out until I have won success.

SECOND SPIRIT

(*Passionately*) Oh, it is not worth it—it is not worth it. To win success at so great a cost—is low failure.

FRANKINSTEIN

(*With a laugh*) To win success is failure—how can that be?

SECOND SPIRIT

Your aim, you say, is to gain the world—if in so doing you lose your own soul—is that success? If in so doing you destroy life after life, killing and cutting your way ruthlessly through to reach your goal—is that success?

FRANKINSTEIN

According to my reasoning—the harder the way—the greater the success.

SECOND SPIRIT

(*Aside*) Oh, how can I reach him? Has he no divine spark of intelligence—is it all reason without soul—matter without spirit that I have to plead with? (*Turning to* FRANKINSTEIN) Oh, give up your ambition—send War away and give Peace life once more.

FRANKINSTEIN

Is it possible (*sarcastically*) that you are asking me to give up the aim and object of my whole life, merely to bring Peace back to reign over the world?

SECOND SPIRIT

Am I asking too much? Look round you; see what awful desolation War has caused and what have you gained by it?

FRANKINSTEIN

If I gave up now—what would the world think of me and how would my people judge me—I who promised them so much?

SECOND SPIRIT

Why should you consider the value of a promise —you have already violated your word.

FRANKINSTEIN

Ah, that was different. The treaty to which you refer, 'twas against my interests to hold—in fact, the only obvious course was to destroy it in order to keep my promise of victory to my people.

SECOND SPIRIT

But you have failed—cannot you see that defeat lies before you?

FRANKINSTEIN

(*Angrily*) Defeated? Never! It is impossible. It is only a question of time.

SECOND SPIRIT

(*Very bitterly*) And of a few thousand more lives. (*Sternly*) Is it nothing to you that the whole world struggles in agony? Is it nothing to you that the cry of innocent children and weary heart-broken women rises without ceasing to the Heavens? Is it nothing to you that your ways and methods of warfare are diabolical and utterly contrary to all the national laws of the world?

FRANKINSTEIN

As long as Victory is achieved by me, what does all that matter? They are merely paths leading to the end and that end will be triumph for me.

SECOND SPIRIT

(*Turning away and hiding her face in her hands*) Ah, I can do nothing—nothing. (*Glides away towards R. U. Darkness falls over the entire stage, except a pale light where Frankinstein sits—he stares towards R. U., sees nothing. Slowly the darkness lifts.*)

FRANKINSTEIN

(*Slowly*) It must have been a dream—and yet (*looks round fearfully*)—I surely heard voices—

(*it slowly gets lighter—day is breaking; again Frankinstein gazes towards R. U.—nothing is there; he springs up and shakes off his fear*). Bah!—'twas but a dream, gone with the light of day. All is well—Victory lies before me, but (*with a sinister smile*) I must show my powers by greater horrors and bring my enemies to their knees (*walks towards L. 2.*). I will yet strike deep and break proud Albion's heart, and when I succeed there will be great rejoicing—great rejoicing (*exit smiling*).

CURTAIN

ACT IV

A period of two years is supposed to elapse between Acts III and IV.

Italy should be represented in the last scene, with any other nation that enters the war towards the end.

Scene. *Same as Scene 1.*

Enter Frankinstein—has lost his proud bearing—looks gloomy and afraid—followed closely by War.

FRANKINSTEIN

What means this? My people are complaining—my soldiers losing and dying in thousands. My invincible machine is being turned back by Albion's contemptible little army and the soldiers of Florus are fighting with hateful bravery and even Rezia—though slow seems horribly sure! (*Looks round as if scared of shadows*) I am laughed at, jeered at and though destruction and bloodshed have gone before me, still they show no fear. Still they hold together! My legions of spies have failed to make discord—all the world dares to judge and condemn *me,* the omnipotent! (*Turning wildly to* WAR) Why is it? You have not done enough! (*Hesitates*) And yet—the horrors I have contrived

have almost overwhelmed even me. What fresh deeds can I discover to awe the world? Why is it not mine? And why are the nations not shaking in fear of me? (*Slowly and in fear considering*) Can there be some force in the world stronger than Might? Is there anything more powerful than hate?

VOICE

Right is stronger than Might! Love is more powerful than Hate!

FRANKINSTEIN

(*With a start and shrinking in horror*) Ah! What was—that? (*Enter* PRIEST—*ragged and worn but strong.*)

PRIEST

(*Sternly*) Right is stronger than Might—Love is more powerful than Hate! What have you done to God's people and His sacred buildings? What horrible desecration have you performed in the name of God?

FRANKINSTEIN

I am not to blame! They were obstinate and refused to do me homage. I had to strike fear into their hearts—it was the only way.

PRIEST

Coward! Your excuses but implicate you more deeply. Are you not brave enough to confess that

you are to blame? How dare you make yourself equal to God and as His representative tear down His buildings and confiscate His treasures! What you will have to answer for in the last great tribunal will be more than mortal man can face. The consequences of your deeds will reach far beyond your earthly life. Repent and, if you *can*, undo one-millionth part of all the evil you have wrought!

FRANKINSTEIN

(*Angrily*) Away from me! Leave me in Peace! (*Blandly*) Your intellect is limited, your ideas mediæval! I am kultured and advanced and act accordingly. *You* cannot understand!

PRIEST

(*Making the sign of the cross from which* FRANKINSTEIN *shrinks and* WAR *draws away and hides his face*) God save the world and purge it through its awful tribulation! (*Exits.*)

FRANKINSTEIN

(*To* WAR) Go, spread the reports that I did not start this war. It was forced on me! I fought in self defence and for my country. Let Justice judge and prove me innocent! Quick! Away! (*Exit* WAR.)

(*Enter* WOMAN—*ragged, torn and weary with a baby*).

FRANKINSTEIN

(*Starts and stares at her*) Who—who are—you?

WOMAN

(*Drawing near and pointing tragically*) Where are our sons? You commanded us to wed—to give men to you—*what* have you done with them? I see blood! blood! blood! I see corpses covering fields, ditches and plains—and oh! the horror of it! We have no food and our children are gone—demolished by your diabolical machine.

FRANKINSTEIN

(*Wrapping his cloak round him and preparing to slink away*) What are a few lives lost in a great cause? I cannot help it!

WOMAN

Stay! You shall hear my words and they shall be as a blot on your memory for ever! We have worked for you—slaved for you—bred sons for you—starved for you! What have you done for us? You took our sons—our children—our husbands—you talked of glory—of victory—of prizes—Iron Crosses are the only prizes you give—Iron Crosses and broken hearts—spoilt lives and the eternal hatred of a justly indignant world. Our country is ruined —our trade spoilt—our heritage—humiliation. You, who were first among all the nations in Art, in Science, in Music—admired and respected—you have thrown away your birthright—sold your soul —for what? (*Weeps and clasping her baby, turns to go*) Most miserable man! And we—we women have to pay the price! (*Exits, weeping.*)

FRANKINSTEIN

God! What is this? Why have I not won? (*Hurriedly and desperately*) There is still time! What matters it a few lives lost if the ultimate gain is Victory and Conquest for me! I must again demand help from my God. It is decreed that we shall win. This is merely a delay—a test of my courage. Where is my God? (*Enter* WAR.)

WAR

(*Striding forward*) You called me?

FRANKINSTEIN

(*Impatiently*) I called on God to help me—not you. Stand aside and await my commands.

WAR

(*Throwing aside his cloak and revealing himself as the Devil*) I—*I* am thy God!

FRANKINSTEIN

(*Starting back with a cry of horror and awful fright*) Thou! Thou—art my—God? Avaunt! Evil one! I know you not!

WAR

(*Bowing and smiling*) I am the God to whom thou hast prayed—implored help from—worked with. From your cradle you have held the thought

of hate in your heart—The Great God Almighty—the God of Love—is He also the God of Hate, think you? You have worked and lived for the Day when you could crush your enemies and reign supreme, feared by all. Your spies are spread over all the world with commands to sow discord—cause quarrels to result in war. These are the ways of the Devil—they are *not* the ways of God. You seem to have amalgamated the two personalities, creating a god of your own imaging and with a heart full of hatred, calling on Him to help you to do evil deeds. The God of the Christians is on the side of the opprest and afflicted—He is on the side of truth and with those who hold honor and love above lies, hatred and death. *I—I* am your God in deed and in truth (or lies!). What now are your commands?

FRANKINSTEIN

(*Terror struck*) Leave me—I—will—call Peace —I have finished with thee—Begone!

WAR

Not so! It will not be so easy to get rid of me! You have held me too close for so long—the hopes of your life time, you centered in me. Now I stay. And Peace, whom you drove from you, cannot return while I am with you.

FRANKINSTEIN

(*Getting desperate and making about to depart*) Then, I shall leave you—and call Peace to me!

WAR

(*Smiling scornfully*) Not so! Wherever you go—I go also. We are inseparable. True Peace can never return to you. (*Placing his hand firmly on* FRANKINSTEIN'S *shoulder*) Come! You have made me such a powerful factor in your life that I have become too strong for you to control. I am your master now!

FRANKINSTEIN

(*Shuddering and drawing from him*) At least my enemies are also under your power!

WAR

Alas! No. When we go, we shall leave Peace behind us—it is so decreed. Come! Whither shall we go together? (FRANKINSTEIN *groans and handles his sword*) Stay your hand, you can do no further harm with your sword. (*Sound of "Tipperary" in distance—drawing nearer—they both listen.*)

FRANKINSTEIN

(*Wrapping his cloak round him and drawing to one side as if he wanted to hide.*) Ah! That cursed tune!

(*Enter* JUSTICIA *carrying large scales—walks to center of stage in front of rock—places scales in front of him—from all the different entrances come the Nations—form a semi-circle round back of stage—each side of* JUSTICIA.

FRANKINSTEIN

(*Aside*) I stand alone! Where are my friends? (*Stepping forward and appealing to* JUSTICIA) I demand Justice!

JUSTICIA

Justice, you shall have.

FLORUS

(*Stepping a little way forward*) He has destroyed Peace and brought War to reign over the whole world.

JUSTICIA

(*To* FRANKINSTEIN) What is your answer to this accusation?

FRANKINSTEIN

I neither started the War nor did I wish for it. If I had been acknowledged lord of all, I would have reigned in Peace.

JUSTICIA

Your very words condemn you.

BELLONA

(*Stepping forward*) He has killed old men and children and demolished churches and committed sacrilege, violating his word and promise by breaking Treaties.

JUSTICIA

And to this, your reply?

FRANKINSTEIN

They defied me—*ME!* They were obstructing my way—I had to put fear into my enemies' hearts in order to conquer. I was not to blame. As to Treaties—what are they but paper! In a time like this *nothing* counts but strength and power.

JUSTICIA

Your excuses are futile and your reasoning contradictory.

ALBION

He attacked and destroyed unfortified villages—causing the death of many innocent people.

FRANKINSTEIN

I had to show my people my power and my strength to keep their respect and confidence. It was the only way.

REZIA

He fired on Red Cross wagons and hospitals.

FRANKINSTEIN

They got in the way—how could I help that?

JANOAH

He caused the destruction of defenceless vessels and—without warning—the death of innocent women and children.

FRANKINSTEIN

Why did they not keep out of the War Zone?

JUSTICIA

Was there any limit to your War Zone? Did it not extend somewhat *over* the legitimate extent of the warring nations on sea?

FRANKINSTEIN

(*Angrily*) Why should there be a limit?

JUSTICIA

(*Smiling*) Your War Zone then had no limit. Each answer you make but implicates you deeper in guilt.

SAVIAS

He has violated all laws of War—his only theory being to strike terror at any cost. And it has cost him—his honour and the world, thousands of innocent lives.

FRANKINSTEIN

(*Aside*) Honour! That word again! Does Honour count?

JUSTICIA

Your answer to these accusations?

FRANKINSTEIN

(*Folding his arms and facing them boldly*) I am innocent.

JUSTICIA

(*To all*) The Verdict?

ALL

Guilty.

FRANKINSTEIN

(*With horror*) Ah!

JUSTICIA

I endorse the verdict—yet I will test you still further—(*Takes out of scales several cubes each marked with a different virtue*) Here is Honour—(*Holding up cube marked Honour*) I will place it on one scale while you stand on the other. 'Tis said that you have no honour. (*Places cube on one scale and points to the other*—FRANKINSTEIN *proudly steps on. The scale holding Honour remains on ground—that holding* FRANKINSTEIN *rises slowly from the ground.*)

ALL

Ah! See—he is surely wanting in honour! (FRANKINSTEIN *scowls at* JUSTICIA, *who lets down the scales.*)

JUSTICIA

I will now place Truth on and see if you can balance with that. (*Takes Honour from scale and puts on cube marked Truth—slowly the side with* FRANKINSTEIN *rises—all watch intently.*)

FRANKINSTEIN

The scales are false—this is judgment and no mercy!

JUSTICIA

Did you show mercy to even the children and women of your enemies? With what mercy you mete—it shall be meted to you again. (*Lets down the scales and removes Truth*) There is yet one virtue which, if you have it, may redeem many vices. I will place Love which covers a multitude of sins—perchance you possess some. (*Places Love on scales.*)

FLORUS

Can a nation whose motive word is 'Hate,' also interpret the value of 'Love'? (*This time* FRANKINSTEIN *rises higher still.*)

JUSTICIA

(*Letting down the scales*) It is enough. Weighed in the balance, you are in deed and in truth—found wanting. (*Turning to the others*) Brothers, in order to preserve Universal Peace, we must banish the Spirit of Militarism (*pointing to* FRANKIN-

STEIN) from our midst. War is exposed before us in its real form—(*pointing to* WAR) as the Devil —the embodiment of the military spirit. No longer will we rule our world with Might and Force, but with that which is stronger than Might—(*Speaking in ringing voice*) Right is stronger than Might—Love is more powerful than Hate. And with Right and Justice shall we rule our world. (*Turning to* FRANKINSTEIN) Go. Rid the world of your presence and let War and Discord cease to be.

REZIA

Brother, he should receive punishment.

JUSTICIA

There is no such thing as Punishment in the laws of the Universal world of Right and Wrong. As a man sows, that shall he reap. In this life has he sown seeds and verily he will reap what he has sown. Every thought of Hate—every act of hatred will bring forth a train of consequences, carried through this life into many, many others. Leave him to the Almighty Power who made the laws—to Him alone shall he answer for the stupendous wrong he has done. (*To* FRANKINSTEIN) Go.

WAR

(*Pointing away into distance*) Come—we have lost. (FRANKINSTEIN *hesitates—seems about to speak, then turns and with bowed head slinks out of sight, followed by* WAR—*as they disappear, from*

another entrance enters the New Germany in the form of a woman—the others salute her and make room for her in the circle—softly and far away is heard the German National anthem—like an echo it dies away as JUSTICIA *steps back and they all divide, leaving rock clear in center—a bright light shows behind rock—all rest their hands on each other's shoulders, showing unity of purpose.)*

ALL

With Right and Justice shall we rule the world and so keep the Universal Peace.

JUSTICIA

(*The light behind rock growing brighter*) See, Brothers, Peace is rising! (*Orchestra plays softly —"I know that my Redeemer liveth." The form of Peace is seen above the rock—she steps up and stands on summit in a bright light—all place their hands on swords—there is a loud cheer—Peace looks down on the Nations and smiles and as she smiles all together draw their swords and wave them with a flourish towards her and each sword unfolds itself as a flag, each Nation waving its own flag—music dissolves into the National anthems blended and then into "Tipperary"—all sing*

It's a long, long war that we have fought through
And the Price was high to pay.
Through awful tribulations we've struggled,
But at last we've won the Way.

785589

It's a long, long list of noble heroes
  Who have gladly died to gain
Victory for the Nations who have conquered
  And brought Eternal Peace to reign.

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